

The Ypsilantian

SEVENTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN. THURSDAY, FEB. 10, 1887.

NUMBER 371.

Attention, Farmers

Up to the first day of March, every Tenth Pound of my

45c FINE CUT CHEWING TOBACCO

will be FREE to the purchaser.

It is the BEST TOBACCO for the money that was ever put on the market. Try a pound and if you happen to buy the Tenth Pound, it will cost you nothing.

J. W. EHRMAN,
No. 7 Union Block.

A Complete Line of Cigars, Tobaccos and Pipes always on hand.

PURE DRUGS.

The very best of every thing, dispensed by one who never makes a mistake, is what

FRANK SMITH

offers to the public, and at PRICES always as low as such goods can be afforded. Please remember that

ALBUMS, FANCY GOODS AND TOYS

are to be had for a few days at prices so low you will purchase if you look at them, for the stock must be reduced.

LOOK IN AT THE EMPORIUM

IF YOU NEED ANYTHING.

We have had a House-Cleaning, and now we want a House-Clearing, and offer for the next Thirty Days at

Clean Sweep Prices

BOOTS AND SHOES
At money-saving prices!

BOOTS AND SHOES
At money-reaching prices!

BOOTS AND SHOES
At people-pleasing prices!
At unearthly low prices!

HEWITT & CHAMPION!

Cure Yourself.

Don't pay large doctors' bills. The best medical book published, 100 pages, elegant colored plates, will be sent to you on receipt of three 2 cent stamps to pay postage. Address A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass. 37071

Real Estate for Rent.

Wanted to exchange, house and lot, building a new, and new barn, for horses. Address Box 809, Ypsilanti, Michigan.

Wanted.

To communicate with the heirs of William Chapman, supposed to be living in Ypsilanti. Said Chapman was a painter by trade, was married at Buffalo, N. Y., about 1852, and died at Port Richmond, Staten Island. His mother was with him at the time of his death and attended his funeral at Bayview, N. J. Address Lock Box 200, Woodbridge, N. J. 37072

No more trouble to build fires as you can get all the listing for kindling you want at Samson's wood yard or Davis' feed store for 5 cents a bunch. A bunch free with every half cord or more of wood.

When you want good choice potatoes and apples good reliable brands of flour and oat meal, leave your order at P. H. Devoe's, Congress St., south side.

Smoke the Mascotte, manufactured by Leland Smith & Co., Toledo. For sale by R. C. Coy, depot druggist. 7073.

Good underwear, 35c per garment, at the sale of the Joseph Kitchen stock.

The Ypsilantian.

ESTABLISHED JANUARY 1, 1880.

SMITH & POWERS, Publishers.

Geo. C. SMITH, - PERRY F. POWERS.

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Advertisers' rates reasonable, and made known upon application.

Address THE YPSILANTIAN, Ypsilanti, Mich.

AN EXPERT ENGAGED.—A resolution was introduced by Ald. Ainsworth, at the Monday meeting of the Council, to ascertain the cost of having Mt. W. R. Coates, of Lansing, a waterworks expert, come here and investigate as to the probability of obtaining a supply of good water, and give information as to its probable cost. The resolution was carried.

A WINTER FRESHET.—For the third winter within three weeks the snow has been swept away, and this time by a three day's rain which has raised the streams to a very unusual height. Not for fourteen years before has the Huron been so high, and a large part of the flats are covered with water. The ice here broke up and went out Tuesday forenoon without serious damage.

TOO MUCH FAITH.—One of our citizens having faith in the reliability of Detroit papers, made a wager that the fishery provisions of the treaty of Washington were terminated by notice from Great Britain, and not from the United States, two of the Detroit papers having shed light of that color upon their inquiring correspondents. Reference to the statutes passed by the 47th Congress showed, however, that the notice was given by this country. In a joint resolution of Congress approved March 3, 1883. Our metropolitan contemporaries will please govern themselves accordingly.

ORCUTT RESIGNS.—A letter received from Mr. J. M. Orcutt, dated at Palmyra, N. Y., requests us to announce the fact that he has resigned his position as Superintendent of the Bohemian Oat and Cereal Company, and that as his stock has been transferred he is not in any way further connected with that company's business. The letter does not state who will succeed Mr. Orcutt as Superintendent, nor does it give any information in reference to the redemption of the Company's outstanding bonds, items of information that might be interesting to holders of bonds in this vicinity.

HELD FOR THE MILAN BURGLARY.—Last week, Edwin Bell and Chas. Crumb were detected in Jackson endeavoring to dispose of goods suspected of being stolen, and were arrested. Milan parties were notified and went to Jackson and identified the goods as part of the stock taken from a store there a week before. The following day, Thursday, Chas. Martin (Chuck), and Mark E. Beaubien were arrested in Detroit for complicity in the same offense. The boys had their examination at Milan, upon which Beaubien was discharged, and the other three held for trial in \$1,500 bail each, in default of which they went to jail. All of them have lived here.

BURIED.—The remains of W. C. Dailey, whose death at the Follett House was reported last week, were buried in Highland Cemetery, Monday afternoon. It has been suggested that possibly our remark that the cold causing lung congestion probably resulted from his being out of bed in his room during the night, might give the impression that he did not have a warm and comfortable room. We hope not, and we think that would not be a fair inference. Certainly, we had no such information and intended no such meaning. It is easily conceivable that sick, shattered and half-crazed man, up during the night, might take cold in a room that would be perfectly comfortable.

STILL BOOMING.—Never in its history has the Ypsilanti Sanitarium been so crowded with guests and health seekers as at the present time. The fame of the institution is fast spreading throughout the country, and among the guests now in the Sanitarium are representatives of more than half the states of the union. The improvements are being rapidly pushed forward and arrangements are being made to accommodate an immense spring and summer patronage. Dr. Hale is assisted by a corps of trained assistants, and the care and consideration extended to the many almost helpless invalids placed in their charge has won for the manager and his institution many words of sincere commendation. No exorbitant or unreasonable rates are charged—only fair, fixed fees for treatment and a moderate price for rooms and table board. The accommodations are first class in every respect, and the arrangements for treating the different forms of affliction, in the matter of improved appliances, to say nothing of the unequalled efficacy of the famous water, are not surpassed by any similar institutions in this country.

P. H. Devoe's, Congress street, south side, headquarters for choice apples, potatoes, rolled oats, granulated corn meal, Graham and buckwheat flour.

If the person who took letters from my pocket on the night of Feb. 4, 1887, will return them with their address to box 637 they will receive reward and no question asked.

*

over drinks in a saloon; and shortly afterward they met on the walk in front of Bennett's stable, when Mofford, who was armed with a board, struck O'Neil a terrible blow across the head, felling him to the ground. The injured youth was picked up and taken to his home, where it seemed for some time doubtful whether he would recover; but at latest reports he was doing well. Mofford fled, but was captured by officer Palmer and landed in jail without bail, to await examination set for to-morrow.

PROHIBITION AMENDMENT MEETING

—It is with pleasure we announce that a meeting will be held at the Opera House, next Tuesday evening, Feb. 13, under the auspices of Dr. McCorkle, Rev. Mr. Fairfield, Rev. Mr. Springer and Rev. Mr. Cheney, of the Presbyterian, Congregational, Methodist and Baptist churches, in the furtherance of the prohibition amendment cause. Addresses will be made by the pastors named and perhaps by others. Admission will be free, and a general invitation is cordially extended to all. Inform your friends and neighbors of the meeting and invite them to attend. The meeting will open at 7:45.

THE ALPINE CHOIR.

—There was a

rush for reserved seats for the Alpine

Choir Concert at Samson's book store

this morning. The concert, which is

to be given at the Opera House next

Monday evening, will be a peculiar and

delightful entertainment. The Tyrolean

warbling and yodelling will be

heard in their native perfection. The

Choir is composed of eight persons, five

ladies and three gentlemen, and the

character of the vocal and instrumental

music rendered by them is said to be

not surpassed by any musical organization

now traveling. A limited number

of single admission tickets are yet for

sale, at fifty cents each.

SALE OF THE COMMERCIAL.

—The sale of the Ypsilanti Commercial to Henry and Fred Coe was made Monday

of this week, and the new proprietors

will take possession of the paper and

office the first of March. The paper

will not be changed in name; but it will

undergo a political change and sail

under a neutral flag. The new pub-

lishers are young men, industrious and

ambitious, and THE YPSILANTIAN ex-

tends them a cordial greeting and a

hearty welcome to their new field of

labor. They have had experience in

newspaper work and will doubtless

much improve the tone and style of the

Commercial. The plans of the several

members of the Ypsilanti Commercial

Company are as yet unknown.

Assignment of J. H. Sanford.

—We regret to announce that Mr. San-

ford, grocer in Union Block, has found

himself embarrassed to an extent that

has compelled him to close his doors.

He made an assignment, Tuesday even-

ing, to C. A. Mapes, who has since

been engaged in invoicing and getting

affairs in shape to dispose of the goods

to best advantage of the creditors. Mr.

Sanford states that the amount of in-

debtedness here is quite small, and it

is hoped that enough will be realized so

that no great discrepancy shall appear

between liabilities and resources. He

will make no compromise to escape

liabilities, but will devote whatever

can be realized to the impartial liquida-

tion of all claims.

University Statistics.

President Angell, in his remarks be-

fore the legislative visitors at the Uni-

versity, last Friday, stated that 1,534

students had been enrolled this year

a larger number than ever before, and

next to the largest in the United States.

Of that number, 502 were children of

farmers; 171 of merchants, 51 of clergymen,

65 of mechanics. The annual ex-

penditure of the institution was \$173,000,

against \$227,000 at Yale with one-third

less students; \$246,000 at Cornell with

one-half less; and \$62,000 at Harvard with

225 more students than at Ann Arbor.

The total amount expended by the

state in fifty years was \$1,024,071,

while the appraised valuation of the

property is \$900,000, leaving an average

of \$2,500 as the average running ex-

penditure for the fifty years. The value

of the Rogers, Lewis and Chinese col-

lections is estimated at \$425,000, which

added to the appraised value above

gives \$300,000 more property than the

whole amount expended by the state.

The institution has had 12,000 students,

8,000 of whom have graduated.

A Mistake and Untruthful as Well.

In an Ypsilanti paper of last week an article

appears stating that the appropriation to the

Normal school was jeopardized on account of

the bad sanitary condition of Ypsilanti. Such

THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

THURSDAY, Feb. 10, 1857.

BEDS OF ALL NATIONS.

Some of the Peculiarities in Former Times.

The beds of the ancients had in general few peculiarities to distinguish them from our own simpler forms. Both the Greeks and the Romans had their beds supported on frames that resembled our modern bedsteads; feather and wool mattresses were common, and the bed-clothing, in the luxurious period of each nation, was richly decorated with elaborate needle-work. The Britons, when conquered by Caesar, slept on skins, after the manner of our North American Indians; but at a later period they made use of straw sacks as beds. The ancient Egyptians had a couch of peculiar shape and a profusion of soft cushions and richly embroidered drapery. Most of the beds mentioned in the Bible were probably of the ordinary simple kind.

During the middle ages beds were made of coarse canvas and filled with straw or leaves. These could be opened and the litter re-made daily, as is the custom to-day with the mattresses in the old-fashioned inns of France and Italy. The bedsteads were low-posted and usually had a canopy at the head.

In the Bayeux tapestry Edward the Confessor is represented lying upon a raised seat, his head supported by squared pillows, and the canopy over his head is attached to the wall. Scott, in his romance of "Ivanhoe," describes one of the beds in the mansion of Cedric the Saxon, as consisting of a rude "hutch or bed-frame, stuffed with clean straw and accomodated with two or three sheepskins by way of bedclothes."

The house of the ancient English gentleman was not, as a general thing, provided with bedrooms. A chamber or shed was built against the wall that inclosed the mansion and its dependencies, and in this little cell the lord and his lady slept. Sometimes there was another chamber of the same kind built for the daughter or ladies of the house. Many allusions to such bedrooms are found in Chaucer. In the "Miller's Tale" there is such a room spoken of in the carpenter's house. The miller in the "Reeve's Tale" had only one bedroom, and his daughter slept in the same room in a bed covered with "sheets and Chalon coverlets fairily spread." As a general thing, the young men of the house and the guests slept on tables and benches in the great hall where woolen coverlets or blankets were provided for warmth. Servants and attendants slept on the floor.

Later on, in the time of the Tudors, the "four-poste" bedstead, an immense piece of furniture, having a canopy supported at each corner by the posts, became the fashionable sleeping-couch. Some of the old wills mention "posted sett work bedsteads." These panelled bedsteads were sometimes of elegant and massive architecture. The columns resembled huge balusters, and rose from square dado bases, and all the frame-pieces were carved with decorative moldings of various patterns. On some of the earlier bedsteads the column terminated with figures representing the four evangelists.

In a mediæval ballad there is mention made of "the four gospelours (gospellers or evangelists) on the four pillars (pillars) and heads of angels, all of one mould." The invocation still in use in some of the English country places is an echo of this old custom:

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
Bless the bed that I sleep on.
Two angels at my head,
Four angels round my bed,
Two at my feet and two to pray,
And two to carry my soul away.

Under these great "set work" bedsteads were put trundle-beds for the body servants and children. It is related of a Spanish page who went to England with his master in the time of Queen Elizabeth, that one day while wandering about the spacious mansion, he entered the rooms where the maids were making the beds, and spying the arrangements of the sliding beds was quite taken with them. In his own country he had slept on straw in the hostler's loft, but in England he had found that rather uncomfortable on account of the cold. So he says to his master: "Sir, there are a sort of little beds under the great beds in this house, which they say are for servants; I pray you to suffer me to lie in one of them." In the sleeping chamber was usually a "sperch," answering to an old-fashioned clothes-horse. On it, says an old writer, "hang your clothes, mantles, frocks, cloaks, doublets, furs, winter clothes, and of summer."

Shakspeare's "second best bed," with "the furniture," which he bequeathed to his wife, Ann Hathaway, was undoubtedly one of those huge Elizabethan bedsteads with canopy, curtains and square pillows. The furniture consisted of the "hanged beds," harden sheets, of fine flax, "flock beds" coverlets, "pillow beers" and "counter points," so named from the fact that the squares were in contrasting colors. The well-to-do gentleman of the late middle ages kept a good supply of bedding. In "The Taming of the Shrew," Gremio glibly names over the furniture of his country house, and is careful to include bed and apparel.

In ivory coffers I have stufed my crowns.
In cyrus chests my arrays, counter points,
Costly apparel tents and campaings beds,
Finely wrought beds, bedsteads, with pearl,
Variance of Venice gold and needlework.

The "Great Bed of Ware" mentioned by Shakspeare is probably the largest bed in the world. It is of the Tudor style, twelve feet square of solid oak, and elaborately carved. For three centuries or more, it has been preserved at the inn of the Saracen's Head in the town of Ware, in Hertfordshire. As many as twelve persons are said to have slept in it at one time.—*Cosmopolitan Review*.

The King of Cambodia, according to the correspondent of a Paris journal, has 300 wives, chosen from the handsomest women in the whole country. The entire population and territory belong to the king. All the Cambodians are the king's "earthen" or slaves, and pay him rents.

Louisville, Ky., is said to have social rules that are remarkable for their laxity. Almost any man with a gentlemanly appearance and good address can with little effort get into society there; and the young women are protected very little by their mothers.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

WHO DECRY THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION?

Sunday morning Jan. 20, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage delivered the following in his text the following: "He made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver,"—Ezekiel, xxii, 21.

By which the King of Babylon proposed to find out the will of God. He took a bundle of arrows, put them together, mixed them up, then pulled forth one, and by the inscription it decided what city he should first assault. Then an animal was slain, and by the lighter or darker color of the liver, the brighter or darker prospect of success was inferred. That is the meaning of the text: "He made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver."

Stupid delusion. And yet all the ages have been filled with delusions. It seems as if the world loves to be hoodwinked, the delusion of the text only a specimen of a vast number of deceptions practiced upon the human race.

In the latter part of the last century Johanna Southcote came forth pretending to have divine power, made prophecies, had chapels built in her honor, and one hundred thousand disciples came forth to follow her. About five years before the birth of Christ Apolonia was born, and he came forth; and after five years being speechless, according to the tradition, he healed the sick and raised the dead and preached virtue, and according to the myth having deceased, was brought to resurrection!

The Delphic Oracle deceived vast multitudes of people; the Pythoness, seated in the Temple of Apollo, uttering a crazy jargon from which the people guessed their individual or national fortunes or misfortunes. The utterances were of such a nature that you could read them any way you wanted to read them. A General going forth to battle consulted the Delphic Oracle, and he wanted to find out whether he was going to be safe in the battle or killed in the battle, and the answer came forth from the Delphic Oracle, in such words that, if you put the comma before the word "never," it means one thing, and if you put the comma after the word "never," it means another thing just opposite. The message from the Delphic Oracle to the General was: "Go forth, return never in battle shall thou perish." If he was killed, that was according to the Delphic Oracle; if he came home safely, that was according to the Delphic Oracle.

The priests of those auguries, by the sound of birds, or by the intonation of thunder, or by the inside appearance of slain animals, told the fortune or misfortune of individuals or nations. The sibyls deceived the people. The sibyls were supposed to be inspired women, who lived in caves and who wrote the sibylline books afterward purchased by Tarquin the Proud. So late as the year 1829 a man arose in New York, pretending to be a divine being, and playing his part so well that wealthy merchants became his disciples, and threw their fortunes into his discipleship. And so in ages there have been necromancies, incantations, witchcrafts, sorceries, magical arts, enchantments, divinations and delusions. The one of the text was only a specimen of that which has been transpiring in all ages of the world. None of these delusions accomplished any good. They deceived, they pauperized the people. They were as cruel as they were absurd. They opened no hospitals, they healed no wounds, they wiped away no tears, they emancipated no serfdom.

But there are those who say that all delusions combined are as nothing compared with the delusion now abroad in the world, the delusion of the Christian religion.

That delusion has to day two hundred million dupes. It proposes to encircle the earth with its girdle. That which has been called a delusion has already overshadowed the Appalachian range on this side the sea, and it has overshadowed the Balkan and Caucasian ranges on the other side the sea. It has conquered England and the United States. This champion delusion, this hoax, this swindle of the ages, as it has been called, has gone forth to conquer the islands of the Pacific; the Melanesia and the Micronesia and Malayan Polynesia have already surrendered to the delusion. Yea, it has conquered the Indian Archipelago; and Borneo, and Sumatra, and Celebes and Java have fallen under the wiles. In the Fiji Islands, where there are 121,000 people, 102,000 have already become the dupes of this Christian religion, and if things go on as they are now going on, and if the influence of this great hallucination of the ages can not be stopped it will swallow the globe.

And to show the immensity of this delusion, this awful swindle of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, I open a hospital, and I bring into that hospital the death-beds of a great many Christian people, and I take you by the hand this morning, and I walk up and down the wards of the hospital, and I ask a few questions. "Dying Stephen, what have you to say?" "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." "Dying John West, what have you to say?" "The best of all, God is with us." "Dying Edward Payson, what have you to say?" "I float in a sea of glory." "Dying John Bradford, what have you to say?" "If there be any way of going to heaven on horseback, or in a fiery chariot, it is this." "Dying Neander, what have you to say?" "Dying Foster, what have you to say?" "A pilgrim in the valley, but the mountain-tops are all ayeam from peak to peak." "Dying Alexander Mather, what have you to say?" "The Lord who has taken care of me fifty years will not cast me off now; glory be to God and to the Lamb! Amen, amen, amen." "Dying John Powson, after preaching the Gospel so many years, what have you to say?" "My death-bed is bed of roses." "Dying Doctor Thomas Scott, what have you to say?" "This is heaven begun." "Dying soldier in the last war, what have you to say?" "Boys, I am going to the front." "Dying telegraph operator on the battle-field of Virginia, what have you to say?" "The wires are all laid and the poles are up." "Dying

Paul, what have you to say?" "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" O my Lord, my God, what a delusion, what a glorious delusion! Submerge me with it, fill my eyes and ears with it, put it under my dying head for a pillow—this delusion—spread it over me for a canopy, put it underneath me for an outspread wing—roll it over me in ocean surges ten thousand fathoms deep! O, if infidelity, and if atheism, and if annihilation are a reality, and the Christian religion is a delusion, give me the delusion!

The strong conclusion of every man and woman in the house is that Christianity, producing such grand results, can not be a delusion. A lie, a cheat, a swindle, an hallucination can not launch such a glory of the centuries. Your logic and your common sense convince you that a bad cause can not produce an illustrious result; out of the womb of such a monster no such angel can be born.

There are many in this house this morning, in the galleries and on the main floor, who began with thinking that Christian religion was a stupid farce, who have come to the conclusion that it is a reality. Why are you here to-day? Why did you sing this song? Why did you bow your head in the opening prayer? Why did you bring your family with you? Why, when I tell you of the ending of all trials in the bosom of God, do there stand tears in your eyes—not tears of grief, but tears of joy, such as stand in the eyes of homesick children far away at school when some one talks to them about going home? Why is it that you can be so calmly submissive to the death of your loved one, about whose departure you once were so angry and so rebellious? There is something the matter with you. All your friends have found out there is a great change. And if some of you would give your experience you would give it in scholarly style, and others giving your experience would give it in broken style, but the one experience would be just as good as the other. Some of you have read ev'ry thing. You are scientific and you are scholarly, and yet if I should ask you: "What is the most sensible thing you ever did?" you would say: "The most sensible thing I ever did was to give my heart to God."

But there may be others here who have not had early advantages, and if they were asked to give their experience they might rise and give such testimony as the man gave in a prayer-meeting, when he said: "On my way here to-night I met a man who asked me where I was going. I said, 'I am going to a prayer-meeting.' He said, 'There are a good many religions, and I think the most of them are delusions; as to the Christian religion, that is only a notion, that is a mere notion, the Christian religion.' I said to him, 'Stranger, you see that tavern over there?' 'Yes,' he said, 'I see it.' 'Do you see me?' 'Yes, of course, I see you.' Now, the time was, as every body in the town knows, that if I had a quarter of a dollar in my pocket I could not pass that tavern without going in and getting a drink; all the people of Jefferson could not keep me out of that place; but God has changed my heart, and the Lord Jesus Christ has destroyed my thirst for strong drink; there is my whole week's wages and I have no temptation to go in there; and, stranger, if this is a notion, I want to tell you it is a mighty powerful notion. It is a notion that has put clothes on my children's back, and it is a notion that has put good food on our table, and it is a notion that has filled my mouth with thanksgiving to God. And, stranger, you had better go along with me, you might get religion, too; lots of people are getting religion, now."

Well, we will soon understand it all. Your life and mine will soon be over. We will soon come to the last bar of the music, to the last act of the tragedy, to the last page of the book—yes, to the last line and to the last word, and to you and to me it will either be mid-moon or midnight.

Ruins in Afghanistan.

Two English officers who recently traveled across Afghanistan made some interesting observations. Near one village they found ancient ruins, among them sculptured idols, the two largest of which were 180 feet and 120 feet high respectively. At another place an ancient fortress was found that dated back to the time of Genghis Kahn, at which period Northern Afghanistan was swaddled with fortified towns. In one valley were found the extensive ruins of an ancient city called Shahar-i-Barbar, which tradition asserts to have been the Capital of Kings who once ruled that region. The country seems to be full of materials for archaeological study.

The Buenos Ayres Standard calls attention to the wonderful development of the southern territories of the Argentine republic that has taken place during the last six years, consequent upon the successful campaign which swept the Indians off the fertile plains beyond the Alvinia frontier. Five years ago, it is remarked, the valley of the Rio Negro was a mere geographical expression; to-day it is thickly stocked and settled from the mouth of the river up to the meeting of the waters of the Limay and the Naquen.

The business men of West Bay City are working hard to induce eastern factory-owners to locate at that place.

A resolution to remove the county seat from Lapeer to Ilmav City was killed in the board of supervisors 12 to 7.

A Cadillac citizen has invented a swage for band-saws that is said by experienced millmen to be a decided success.

Contrary to law there are a large number of high buildings and factories at Kalamazoo uprooted with fire-escapes.

Charles Fisher, a farmer near Sturgis, committed suicide by hanging. He was suffering from an incurable cancer.

The Dr. Bally murder case which has been on trial in Charlotte is over. The jury remained out several hours and returned a verdict of not guilty.

A petition asking congress to grant a pension to the widow of any deceased public officer of the government is being quite freely signed at Grand Rapids.

It is alleged that a Grand Rapids man is freezing all the water he can draw from the water-mains for the purpose of selling it in blocks next summer as a fertilizer.

MICHIGAN.

Condensed Reports of the Latest News from All Parts of the State.

Latest From Lansing.

Senate.

Bills were introduced to prevent gambling in stocks, bonds, petroleum, grain, provisions, and other products to provide a penalty for blowing steam whistles on public highways by traction engines.

Bills passed: The House bill allowing judges of circuit courts, in their discretion, to fix less than life sentences in certain cases of arson; to punish persons intoxicated in public places by a fine of \$20 or thirty days imprisonment, or both; and the House bill, to punish adulteration of candies and confections by a fine of \$500, or thirty days imprisonment, or both.

It is announced that Governor Luce will send to the Senate for confirmation, the name of Major A. H. Heath, of Ionia, for Labor Commissioner, to succeed Major Pond, the present in-

At Burton, a society has been formed for the purpose of establishing a home for aged and infirm deaf mutes, and orphan children.

It will take fifty years to complete the locks in the St. Mary's ship canal at the Sault if congress persists in \$100,000 appropriations. The structure is to cost nearly \$5,000,000.

Grand Rapids has a hall having a seating capacity of over two thousand people, and the city authorities intend to have a few of the state meetings that are taking place now and then.

Capt. Henry J. Blanchard has re-signed as manager of the Blanchard Navigation Company of Detroit, and William D. Morton, of the firm of Morton & Backas, has been appointed in his

place.

The project for enlarging East Saginaw by adding to it a strip from Buena Vista township a half-mile wide does not find favor with the people living on that strip. They say that taxes are already too high.

Miss Stella Freeman, of Washington, says everything will be all right if Frank Haywood, now under arrest on her account, will come forward and marry her. Frank will probably do so, or effect a compromise with her.

The first matter of public interest in the late meeting of the Michigan Engineers' Society at Grand Rapids, was a paper read by W. R. Coats, upon the "Water-Man Across Grand River at Grand Rapids," which was lowered into the rock bottom of the river last fall after a uniform bed had been dredged for its reception under Mr. Coats' supervision.

The Calumet & Hecla Mining Company is constructing a large trestle at the mill at Lake Linden to carry the rock cars which come from the mine, five miles distant, to the top of the stamp-mills. The length of the main trestle is 1,000 feet, with a branch to Hecla Mill 300 feet long and to Calumet Mill 150. It is thirty-five feet high. It has two tracks to the works and bears the rock trains, which make the total weight on the trestle from 350 to 450 tons. The two new engines for hauling these cars are also among the largest of the kind, the Manitowoc weighing ninety-two tons and the Kitchigami eighty-four tons.

Bills appropriating money for the Upper Peninsula Jail, to authorize agricultural and horticultural societies to mortgage real estate, to protect fish and fisheries in inland streams and waters were passed; also the bill to provide for the equipment of a State weather service.

The House Committee on Elections has completed the recount of votes in the contested election district in Wayne county, and reports in favor of the sitting member, Vroman (Fusion), he having seventeen more votes than Coomer, the Republican contestant.

The joint resolution in reference to the raising of the salaries of state officers was tabled. Bill was introduced to reduce the test of illuminating oils; to incorporate the Merchants and Traders' Association of Michigan; to compel employers to compensate workmen for personal injuries received in their service; to amend the game and fish laws to make associations liable for debts to the extent of their capital only.

Both houses of the Legislature adjourned not to convene again until Feb. 15.

The bill to abolish the superior court of Detroit and to create a state and fish game warden was passed. The committee on the liquor traffic reported in favor of making saloon-keepers give \$6,000 and \$10,000 bonds instead of \$3,000 and \$6,000, as at present.

The House Committee on Military Affairs reported favorably upon a measure which, if it passes, will be the most stupendous expenditure which the state has ever undertaken—this is to pay bounty to veteran soldiers to the amount of nearly \$15,000,000. Under the present law no soldier enlisting prior to March 6, 1833, is entitled to bounty. After that date the allowances are as follows: March 6 to Nov. 18, 1863, \$50; Nov. 11, 1863, to Feb. 4, 1864, \$50; Feb. 5 to May 14, 1864, \$100; Feb. 4 to April 14, 1865, \$150. This omits soldiers enlisting in 1831, 1832, part of 1833 and 1834, and after April 14, 1865. The new measure takes in all these, and the bounty goes to the widow or orphans in case of the soldier's death. The state will have to pay out if the bill becomes law \$11,815,300, according to figures compiled by the Quartermaster-General.

STATE ITEMS.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

Strangers on a foreign shore,
We sit and count the moments o'er,
But little dream the rapid flight
That changes day and brings us night.
The prattler on its mother's knee,
With heart of love and childish glee,
Sits chattering all its time away
In merriment and mirthful play.

The youth that sports upon the green,
When spring time dons its beauteous sheen,
Forgets the moments as they fly,
Till manhood's cares eclipse his eye.

And manhood, with a thousand cares,
Perceives it not, and unawares
The silver lock and furrowed brow
Of mellow years encircle now.

'E'en aye, with wintry chill and roar,
Sees but a fantom passing o'er;
Unmildful of his fleeting breath
He sits engulfed in sober death.

Thus time proceeds in rapid haste,
And we improve its gold or waste
The fleeting hour in sumbruous state
Till hope has fled, amend too late.

J. H. Curtis.

THE BASILISK.

A STORY OF TO-DAY.

CHAPTER XIV.

A PROOF OF INSANITY.

A week went by, and no Mary Fortescue appeared. The daily reports of her health were anything but alarming, yet, as her absence continued, I grew seriously anxious, and imagined that all kinds of pressure were being brought to bear upon her to bend her to the suit of the odious Plowitz.

He bore her absence with perfect equanimity, and was always gay and entertaining. The proposed transfer of my care as instructor to Miss Beaufoy took effect, inasmuch as she regularly called upon me for lessons. But little instruction was done. In fact I was not competent to teach her. The absence of her cousin had a great effect on her manner. She was soft, and gentle, and fascinating, and it was only by continual remembrance of the other side of her character—of the strange and compromising sights which I had witnessed, of the monstrous asperion of Mary Fortescue's sanity, and her cruel indifference to the happiness of a defenseless girl—that I was able to steel myself against the temptation of falling into the vein of almost tenderness which she had adopted, and compromising my future usefulness to the sweet girl whose lot was cast in such hard places. Any pointed reference to Mary always brought out the hateful side of Miss Beaufoy's character. The curt and harsher tone would have shown how distasteful the subject was, but she did not know that I could also see how the imperial loveliness of a gracious woman changed into cruel fierceness and scorn at the mention of her cousin's name, especially when one evening I turned to the subject of Mary's supposed mental delusions, and strenuously opposed the idea of her want of intellectual balance.

At last Plowitz threw down his pen and began putting his papers away in a despatch box. As he did so he talked.

"Mr. Coplestone, do you know that you are a very favored man?"

"I don't see it," I answered bluntly. "You do not see it? That is a pity," he said most sympathetically. "You English, pardon me, are never too quick to see some things. Have you ever asked yourself what you are here for?"

"I have no need to ask myself while I do my duty, and I certainly have no need to answer anybody else."

I could not imagine what he was aiming at, but he evidently did not mean to be offensive.

"Pardon," he said, "you think I take a liberty. No, my friend—no. I would do you a service—you and another. You were engaged to teach our poor dear Miss Fortescue music. Now, is it usual to engage a gentleman in such a way solely to teach a young lady music?"

"You do not know, perhaps," I said, "that Mr. Beaufoy is interested in the welfare of the blind."

"Do you know who is the master of this house?" he asked. "It is not Mr. Beaufoy; it is his beautiful daughter. Why did she engage you? To please you? Well—to please herself?"

"Dr. Plowitz," I began, in extreme indignation at his impertinence, rising from the armchair, "I cannot allow this sort of conversation a moment longer. To me it is an unwarrantable familiarity; to Miss Beaufoy—"

"Mr. Coplestone," he interrupted, laying his hands lightly on my shoulders a moment, "I am not surprised that you think me impudent. You are wrong, though. I am an old friend of the family. I speak for their good, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me. I know what I am saying. I see for you, what you cannot see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit."

"He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and closed up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open," he cried. "Shut it, Coplestone, like a good fellow!"

I turned back. He ran upstairs. Quickly I slammed the door from the inside, and while the sound still rang in the hall, opened it, slipped out, and put it quietly ajar. I then went into the library. In a minute I heard a coming downstairs, and Plowitz called out.

Cruelty to Slaves.

Rio was regaled recently with the sensational trial—promoted by the abolitionist confederacy—of a rich lady named Francisca de Castro upon the charge of causing by continued malignant ill-usage the death of one slave girl and the loss of sight of another. The defense was that the lady was insane and had been for years, and that the girls had mutually ill-used each other. This question of the past and present insanity was one over which all the doctors of Rio had been fighting for months and over which three commissions of them fought again before the jury, who, however, did not attempt to decide it, but acquited it.

"If they return, kindly say I will soon be back."

He went out by the hall-door, and I sauntered to the window. There, just turning round into the avenue, I caught sight of a figure, an old man with long grey hair and grey beard, hurrying off with the buoyant step of the youthful and vivacious Plowitz.

I had no time then to lose in speculation. I hastened back through the partition-door, which I carefully closed behind me, and in a minute was out in the garden through the study window. It was a small oblong plot of grass, with vines and creepers, and fruit-trees trained along the walls, and herbs and old-fashioned garden flowers in the narrow beds beneath. I gazed anxiously at the back of the house, at the upper windows. My heart gave a great bound of joy, as I saw sure enough at an open window the face of Mary Fortescue. It was but for an instant, and I stood amazed, devising some means for opening communication with her. But as I debated the advisability of confessing that I had seen her, a narrow glass door opened, and she appeared.

"And you are right. But what of it?"

"W'at of it? W'y, I want to know w'y did you come here?" she cried.

I kept my presence of mind and sought her hands.

"Miss Fortescue—Mary. You have been ill. Are you getting well?"

"I am better," she said, in a choked voice.

"Have you really been ill?" I have been so anxious. What has been the matter?"

"I have been so lonely, so wretched," she sobbed; "my only safety is in being ill. To be dead would be better."

"What is it?" I asked, deeply moved. "I cannot tell you," she said, sobbing without restraint. Her poor tears fell on my hands as she held them.

"Yes, tell me," I said, gravely. "They want me to marry Dr. Plowitz," she sobbed out with a shudder.

I went up the staircase in a perturbed frame of mind. Solid and massive to all appearance, it was hard to believe that I had, a few days before, seen it silently and easily revolve. I returned to the library and pondered on the mysteries by which I was surrounded. Yet, of all the puzzling and agitating surroundings of the Basilisk, the marked friendliness of the Basilisk was on the whole, the least desirable, and the most perplexing.

Suddenly Plowitz burst into the room.

"Ah, Mr. Coplestone," he said, "you are more accustomed to solitude than I. You do not find it overwhelming."

"I am accustomed to solitude than I. You do not find it overwhelming."

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The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, FEB. 10, 1887.

THE PROPOSED AMENDMENT.

ARTICLE IV.

Sec. 49. The manufacture, gift, or sale of spirituous, malt, or vinous liquors, or in this state, except for medical, mechanical, chemical, or scientific purposes is prohibited, and no property right in such spirituous, malt, or vinous liquors shall be deemed to exist, except the right to manufacture or sell for medical, mechanical, chemical, or scientific purposes, or for distribution, or sale, which may be provided by law. The legislature shall enact laws with suitable penalties for the suppression of the manufacture, sale and keeping for sale or gift of intoxicating liquors, except as herein specified.

FORM OF BALLOT.

"Amendment to the constitution relative to the prohibition of the manufacture, gift, or sale of spirituous, malt, or vinous liquors, and the right of property therein—Yes; or."

"Amendment to the constitution relative to the prohibition of the manufacture, gift, or sale of spirituous, malt, or vinous liquors, and the right of property therein—No."

ELECTION, MONDAY, APRIL 4.

THE long dead-lock in the Indiana Legislature is broken by the election of Judge Turpie, the democratic candidate; but charges of illegality are made by republicans, which must be decided by the Senate.

INDIANA democrats held the longest pole, and have knocked down the persimmon; but it proves to be unripe, and now there isn't a democrat in the state who can whistle, if it were to save his life. The democrats in the Senate will now incite the fruit and see if they can ripen it.

MUCH disappointment will be occasioned by the decision of the Supreme Court of Washington Territory, declaring the woman suffrage law unconstitutional. It had been in force several years, and its satisfactory working had been confidently pointed to by the friends of that reform.

NEW YORK knights engaged in the big freight-handlers' strike are repeating the time-worn experience—loss of places, loss of money, loss of cause-loss or what they had and what they tried to get. Can they never learn? What is it that causes such an epidemic of folly to prevail?

A CORRESPONDENT who signs himself "Anx" asks whether there is a trial of the submission of the prohibitory amendment. "The question is a difficult one to answer.—Free Press."

That the Free Press should find it "difficult to answer" an inquiry as to what it does "really believe," will be readily accepted by those who have habitually read its editorial columns. We commend the Free Press for its frank confession.

ENGLAND would perhaps like to attack our seaboard cities to gratify her revenge.—"The Times."

Stuff of that sort is not only silly, it is mischievous. It may be intended as facetious, but it is stupid. A great deal of it, appearing constantly in the papers, is thought by the writers to be dead earnest, and highly patriotic; instead of which it is dense ignorance, and mischievously misleading to all who trust to such writers' teachings. It is discreditable to American intelligence and good sense, and fosters an attitude of bumptiousness and bravado which is absurd low comedy.

INTERESTING and suggestive is an analysis of the list of books for the general trade published in the United States during the past year, made by the American Bookseller. The work of 430 publishers is given, aggregating 3,708 books, not including 1,557 of the cheap "libraries." The fields to which the 3,708 are devoted are classified as follows: Fiction, 482 works; religion, 471; education, 398; travel and description, 179; history, 123; biography, 115; poetry and drama, 127; art, 117; juveniles, 518; miscellaneous and new editions of former works, 978. The proportion which religious works bear in that list, will strike many people with surprise. Few would have imagined that among the new books, those of that class rank a very close second, only falling a few below those of fiction.

THE question of the ratification of the prohibition amendment is one of very great importance. The public good to be derived from successfully administered prohibition laws will scarcely be denied by anybody; but, on the other hand, the public evil of prohibition laws that are not administered, for lack of popular interest and popular purpose, is as clearly perceived by a great majority of the people. We want no such laws, and we fully agree with the Coldwater Republican that it is undesirable to have the amendment adopted, unless the vote upon the subject is so large as to show general popular concern, and pronounced conviction one way or the other. To that end there should be active discussion. We have declared our support of the measure; but we do not close our columns to contrary opinions, and any views of our readers upon the subject, expressed in good temper and with reasonable brevity, will be welcomed. Let us reason together.

SOME papers are declaring that a state would be just as effective without an amendment to the Constitution as with one. Waiving all other points, we would suggest that those papers overlook the powerful moral influence of a conclusive popular decision—an influence both upon the lawmakers and the courts and officers of the law, and upon the people themselves who have voted. There is a value, beyond that of the defined constitutional authority, in the declared temper and purpose of the people; and on this account the popular vote upon a question of such importance is greatly to be desired. If the people are not prepared to support by their votes, and afterward by their influence, prohibitory legislation, we hold it highly undesirable that such legislation should be had, even if the Legislature were prepared to enact it. In the line of these considerations, the suggestion of the Coldwater Republican is pertinent—that separate boxes be provided in which the women, who are not legal voters, may record their wishes by advisory ballots.

THOSE who have admired Mr. Beecher in the past, for the greatness of his powers and the loquacity of his aims, will regret to see him parading in puerile letters upon high hats at the opera, life insurance and such-like themes, in the daily papers. We would as soon see him confine himself to the virtues of ivory soap.

FIFTY-SEVEN degrees below zero is a little rough on American financiers who are spending the winter in Canada. That is the temperature reported from Assinaboine last week. If they will come home, we can guarantee that it shall be warmer for them. Hoke, now in the Peoria jail, isn't suffering from the cold.

Two Justices of the Supreme Court are to be elected this spring, instead of one, a bill having passed the Legislature to add another Judge to the bench. This will necessitate an additional candidate for each of the three tickets that are expected in the field. Col. Chas. D. Long of Flint, Hon. H. H. Hatch, Col. John Atkinson and Judge Wm. Jenison, of Detroit, Hon. Benton Hanchett of Saginaw, and Judge C. B. Grant of Houghton, are mentioned for nomination by the republicans. Levi T. Griffin of Detroit is proposed as a democratic candidate.

THE President has approved the inter-state commerce bill, and it is now a law. Nobody seems to know what all its provisions mean, nor what will be its effect, and it is too much to expect unmixed good from it under such circumstances. The need of legislation, however, to cure the evils at which this is aimed, has long been recognized, in and out of Congress; and as this is the best result upon which Congress has been able to agree, after twelve years' effort, it is perhaps better to begin dealing with the subject under a law believed to be imperfect, than not at all. Experience under this law will be the guide to better legislation, if such is needed, and that was unlikely to be reached without such guide. The act aims to protect the public from inequitable rates and discriminations on the part of railroad companies, which are beyond the reach of state legislation—just such protection as some states have already afforded within their own jurisdiction.

In spite of all assertions that prohibition means only free whisky, and that retailers are not averse to escaping their tax in that way, the "trade" in Detroit is very active in organizing to defeat the ratification of the amendment. A mass meeting was held at Turner Hall, last week, "to publicly denounce the prohibitory amendment," and denunciatory resolutions, calling for help from "every liberty-loving citizen," were adopted. Another meeting, composed of two hundred saloon keepers, was held at the same place, Sunday afternoon, and steps taken to form a permanent central organization to resist ratification. Meantime, what steps are being taken to unite and solidify the supporters of the measure? Let every man, and especially every newspaper, desiring its success, cease all partisan bickerings and insinuations respecting it, and abandon partisan jealousies that hinder its friends from uniting in its support, and counsel and encourage a complete unity of effort upon the sole point of bringing out the heaviest possible vote for the amendment; and let every pretended friend of prohibition who pursues any opposite course be rated where he belongs, among the enemies of the measure.

A PITIFUL PETTIFOGLER. We have never known a paper of the prominence and supposed importance of the Detroit Free Press, that could stoop to such petty pettifogging and such demagogic insincerity as the Free Press often employs. A half-column editorial in its Saturday issue was a good specimen. It went on laboriously to argue that the act of submission was invalid and that the ratification of the amendment by the people would be null and worthless, unless the legislators supporting the joint resolution did really agree to the amendment, the Constitution prescribing that proposed amendments "shall be agreed to by two thirds of the members elected to each House." The fact of such agreement the Free Press pretends to doubt, because some papers and possibly some legislators have spoken of agreeing to submission, instead of agreeing to the amendment, and it seeks to make its readers believe that unless it be shown that those voting for it did really agree to the spirit and purpose of the proposed amendment, then there is actually no amendment submitted, and popular ratification would be of no effect!

A paper with no more conscience than that—that can so trifle with its readers and with an important public question—claims the position of the leading paper of Michigan! The Free Press of course knows perfectly well that no act of any legislator nor of all the legislators together could now affect in the least degree the status of the proposed amendment. It knows that they did legally agree to the amendment, and that it is legally and irrevocably submitted, even though every one of them should now say that he only voted for submission without approving the principle of prohibition. If the Free Press can experience a sense of shame, it ought to be ashamed of such pettifogging tactics to advance its partisan interests.

A CARD—DR. FLORA H. RUCH, Residence and office corner of Washington and Ellis streets, near Postoffice, Ypsilanti, Mich.

DR. R. B. BARTON, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon, Huron street, (opposite Mineral Bath House) Ypsilanti, Mich. Calls at residence.

DR. JAMES HUESTON, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon, office and residence on River street, L. D. Norrie place. Telephone No. 45.

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Having no rent or clerk hire to pay I can give my customers the benefit of the amounts thus saved.

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AFTER ALL.

"This is God's world, after all."—Rev. Charles Kingsley.

Oh, this weary world, with its restless toiling,

And its fitful fever of unceasing care!

Oh, this selfish world, our kindest actions soiling,

So that our stained souls can scarcely rise in prayer!

"Peace!" I hear the preacher-poet call,

"This is God's world, after all—

After all."

Oh, this weeping world, full of pain and sorrow,

Full of breaking hearts that once were strong and brave,

Full of dark despair that hopes for no tomorrow,

And of love whose memory is but a grave!

"Peace!" I hear the preacher-poet call,

"This is God's world, after all—

After all."

This is God's world; so the birds are singing,

So the happy fields are glad with golden wheat,

So the sun is shining, so the flowers are springing,

So the heavy heart again with joy may beat.

Only listen how the strong words fall,

"This is God's world, after all—

After all."

If 'tis God's world, why should we work weeping?

Why should we go heavily by night or day?

"He giveth his beloved while they are sleeping."

He loves the cheerful toiler, who can say,

"I fear no grief, no wrong that can befall;

This is God's world, after all—

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FOR THE SOIL, GOOD

building, soil, location, etc. Lomax, low rate of int., and on easy terms. Will take some city property in exchange. Address L. H. Crane, Stony Creek, Mich.

LOUGHBRIDGE & WILCOX, DEALERS IN

Italian and American Marble, Scotch, Irish

and American Granite. Fine monuments a specialty. Estimates furnished on building work, flag walks, etc., Washington street.

JOHN B. VAN FOSSEN, D. D. S.

DENTAL ROOMS

Over the Bee Hive,

UNION - - BLOCK

J. A. WATLING, D. D. S., L. M. JAMES, D. D. S.

WATLING & JAMES,

DENTISTS, Huron St.

Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when desired.

E. M. COMSTOCK & CO.,

Successors to Comstock & Ebling, dealers in

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WATCHES,

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AT LOWEST PRICES.

Repairing a Specialty, and done 25 per cent. lower than other houses. Perfect Satisfaction Guaranteed.

E. N. COLBY, Depot Jeweler.

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BUSINESS COLLEGE!

YPSILANTI, MICH.

No theory or text-book work;

everything is real, the same as

in the outside world. Visitors

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Housekeepers and Husbands!

If you wish to purchase the best, the

purest, and cheapest Groceries,

send or leave your order

with

S. L. SHAW

AT THE

NEW DEPOT GROCERY!

Having no rent or clerk hire to pay I can

give my customers the benefit of the

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and economy. More economical than the ordinary kinds, it can be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphoric powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

345-96

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely cured.

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and as strong as ever.—Mrs. William H. Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered from pain with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and,

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendal T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the advice of a friend of a friend, I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby Key, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

SULPHUR BITTERS

THE GREAT

German Remedy.

TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.

For those deadly billions spellbound for a case where SULPHUR BITTERS will it will cure you. It never fails.

Do you suffer with that tired and ailing feeling? When you see SULPHUR BITTERS it will cure you.

Operatives who are closely confined in their work, who do not procure sufficient exercise, and all who are in bad health, should use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will not then be weak and infirm.

If you do not suffer from rheumatism, use a bottle of SULPHUR BITTERS (they never fails to cure).

SULPHUR BITTERS will build you up and make you strong and healthy.

Do you feel like a bottle? Try it, you will not regret it.

Ladies in delicate health, who are all too apt to run down, should use SULPHUR BITTERS.

Send 2 cent stamps to A. P. ORDWAY & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy, free.

RUPTURE!

Relieved and cured by Dr. D. L. Snediker's method or money refunded. No operation performed; no pain. Treatment simple and without detention from business. Call and see Dr. Snediker, 123 Cass Street, Detroit. For circuiters, Profs. H. P. Rupert and John W. Conway, Office 142 Cass Street, Detroit, Mich.

365-40

65c. FOR A FEW WEEKS, for a year, a regular weekly, "to that great WEEKLY," THE AMERICAN RURAL HOME, (10 years old, 45 to 60 cts.) Rochester, N. Y. 20c. extra for postage. The Weekly is sent one year and one-half to subscribers at \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$6.50, \$7.00, \$7.50, \$8.00, \$8.50, \$9.00, \$9.50, \$10.00, \$10.50, \$11.00, \$11.50, \$12.00, \$12.50, \$13.00, \$13.50, \$14.00, \$14.50, \$15.00, \$15.50, \$16.00, \$16.50, \$17.00, \$17.50, \$18.00, \$18.50, \$19.00, \$19.50, \$20.00, \$20.50, \$21.00, \$21.50, \$22.00, \$22.50, \$23.00, \$23.50, \$24.00, \$24.50, \$25.00, \$25.50, \$26.00, \$26.50, \$27.00, \$27.50, \$28.00, \$28.50, \$29.00, \$29.50, \$30.00, \$30.50, \$31.00, \$31.50, \$32.00, \$32.50, \$33.00, \$33.50, \$34.00, \$34.50, \$35.00, \$35.50, \$36.00, \$36.50, \$37.00, \$37.50, \$38.00, \$38.50, \$39.00, \$39.50, \$40.00, \$40.50, \$41.00, \$41.50, \$42.00, \$42.50, \$43.00, \$43.50, \$44.00, \$44.50, \$45.00, \$45.50, \$46.00, \$46.50, \$47.00, \$47.50, \$48.00, \$48.50, \$49.00, \$49.50, \$50.00, \$50.50, \$51.00, \$51.50, \$52.00, \$52.50, \$53.00, \$53.50, 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THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, MICH.
THURSDAY, Feb. 10, 1887.

It is estimated that the public debt was reduced \$50,000 last month.

A BILL has been reported to the House granting a pension to Walt Whitman.

The Nebraska House has agreed upon a bill fixing the age of consent at 18 years.

An Eastern syndicate has bought the street-car system of Minneapolis for \$2,000,000.

HENRY M. STANTON does not expect opposition in his expedition for the relief of Emin Bey.

The American Cotton-Oil Trust has secured control of four-fifths of the mills of the country.

Two POLISH Socialists have been sentenced to imprisonment at Posen for circulating Socialistic pamphlets.

THE TEXAS Senatorial deadlock was broken by the election of Congressman Reagan on the thirty-first ballot.

JOHN D. LISLE, discount clerk in the First National Bank of Baltimore, Md., has disappeared, as has also \$30,000.

By the collision of the British emigrant ship Kappa with an unknown vessel off the coast of Brazil 300 lives were lost.

Under the bill favorably reported to the house of representatives to refund war taxes to the states Illinois would receive \$1,16,000.

The Disastrous Floods.

JOLIET, Ill., Feb. 8.—Forty-eight hours of continuous rain in this section is causing serious damage to property. Early yesterday morning the rain poured down in torrents for several hours, accompanied by the most violent thunderclaps and frequent lightning. The railroad bridges across Spring and Hickory creeks are swept away, and along the valleys of those streams, which are spreading far over their banks, the people are moving out to safe quarters. The rain is still pouring down and a serious flood is threatening. Traffic on the Santa Fe road along the Desplaines river is suspended, and extensive general damage will result unless the rain and thaw ceases within the next six hours and a freezing temperature sets in.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 8.—The river is falling at the rate of half an inch an hour, and the danger of a repetition of the disastrous floods of 1833 and 1881 is considered past.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 8.—The river continues to recede gradually. The weather is cloudy.

NOW FOR BIG GUNS.

Disastrous Floods—Boston People Walking—Montreal Ice Carnival, Etc.

The Vermont Railroad Horror—Gen. Von Moltke thinks the Situation in Europe is Serious—Earthquake—Shocks—Train Robbers, Etc.

Latest Congressional, Legislative and General Eastern, Western, Southern and Foreign News.

MILLIONS for Defense, etc.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 8.—The action by the Senate yesterday in adopting the twin bill appropriating \$21,000,000 for coast defenses is loudly commended, and if the House will take as prompt action, it will not be long before an army of mechanics and artisans will be at work preparing for any contingency in the future.

The following nominations were confirmed by the Senate:—Consuls:—E. J. Smith, at Tien-Tsin; S. A. Pratt, at Zanzibar; I. R. Diller of Chicago, at Florence. Associate Justices:—W. G. Langford, Washington Territory; J. Spencer of New York, Dakota.

George H. Pendleton, United States Minister to Germany, visited the Senate chamber yesterday afternoon, and was warmly greeted by many of the Senators.

Under the bill favorably reported to the house of representatives to refund war taxes to the states Illinois would receive \$1,16,000.

It is expected that Secretary Manning will give up the treasury portfolio by May, and that his successor will be William L. Scott, of Erie.

ARTICLES of incorporation have been filed at Springfield for the Chicago, Oquawka and Kansas City road, with a capital stock of \$2,000,000.

COLVIN POLK, a notorious moonshiner of Pope county, Ark., has been sentenced to eighteen months' confinement in the penitentiary of that state.

The Austria-Hungary Government will ask the Parliament for an appropriation of 60,000,000 forints for the army and half that sum for the militia.

It is reported that United States Minister Pendleton has returned from Berlin because of the President's desire to tender him the Treasury portfolio.

An investigation is demanded in the Minnesota Legislature of the charges that the saloon men have raised a big bond fund to defeat high-license legislation.

For being deposed from a pastorate at Lyons, Ia., fifteen years ago, Father F. C. Jean has been awarded damages of \$2,000 against Bishop Hennessy, of Dubuque.

A SEAT in the British parliament to be made vacant by the resignation of Lord Algernon Percy, is likely to be accepted by Mr. Goschen, chancellor of the exchequer.

An anarchist from Wisconsin visited the jail in Chicago, and offered a deputy sheriff \$50 to allow him a glimpse of August Spies. He was ordered out of the building.

Under the recent act of congress extending the free-delivery system, applications for carriers have been made by ninety-five towns having the specified qualifications.

A MEASURE calling for an appropriation of \$21,000,000 for the manufacture by Americans of first-class modern guns for the navy and seacoast defenses has been introduced in the House.

JACK SPRUCE recently resigned the pastorate at Big Spring, Illinois, to which he was appointed by President Jackson. For his fifty-four years' service he has received a warrant for \$170.

It is stated by Henri Rochefort that seven nihilists were recently hanged in the prison at Orléans, ten others are being tried at Vilna for killing a colonel, and two hundred more were lately sent to Siberia.

MAJOR M. S. GORDON, an Indian fighter, who became famous at the time of the Custer massacre, has recently received from an English syndicate \$800,000 in cash for the cattle and horses on his ranch near Decatur, Tex.

THE SUCCESS of Mrs. Angle in her suit against the Omaha road for violation of contract has induced the Farmers' Loan and Trust company of New York to commence an action to recover the value of \$800,000 in bonds of the old Portage road.

BOTH houses of the Colorado legislature have passed a resolution requesting congress to pass laws placing in the hands of competent federal agents full power to extirpate contagious diseases among live stock, with an appropriation of \$1,000,000 to defray the cost.

THE AGGREGATE annual product of Illinois coal mines, according to the State Board of Labor Statistics, shows a decrease for last year as compared with the previous year. Industrial depression and Eastern competition are the given causes. A revival is anticipated.

A SITE has been selected at New Orleans by experienced parties from Memphis for a mill to be run in opposition to the monopoly known as the Cotton-Seed Oil Trust company. Stock has been given to the leading planters on the lower Mississippi, who pledge themselves to furnish ample raw material.

Mrs. ANNIE T. HOWARD, daughter of the lottery king of New Orleans, has purchased a lot on the corner of Camp and Delord streets, on which to erect and establish a memorial library of one hundred thousand volumes, to be turned over to Tulane university. The latter institution has secured the Harmony club building for the college for young women established by Mrs. Newcomb, of New York.

FOREIGN.

Acting by his physician's advice, Mr. Parnell will go abroad to recruit his health after the conclusion of the debate on the address.

The Fall Mall Gazette asserts that England has practically decided to adopt the Lee American rifle for the use of her army.

Le Paris expresses thankfulness that France is under a republican government. A King, says that journal, could never have brooked German insults.

Spanish republican immigrants residing in France have decided to form a volunteer force of 2,000 men to assist France in the event of war with Germany.

The members of the extreme left in Paris have decided in favor of granting priority to Gen. Boulanger's military-organization bill, with a view of drawing from Premier Goblet a statement regarding the political situation.

Great alarm has been caused by frequent murderous attacks upon pedestrians in the streets of Madrid at night. Seven persons have been killed or badly wounded in less than a month.

The Carlists, of Spain, are organizing clubs and committees for election purposes in several provinces.

The Berlin Nachrichten, at Berlin, says that Gen. von Moltke, in receiving a deputation of Conservative electors, declared that the political situation was most serious, and authorized the deputation to give publicity to his statement.

The inhabitants of Baku, the centre of the great Russian petroleum fields, have been much alarmed over a subterranean explosion, which shot houses and caused considerable damage. At the same time a volcano burst on Lokbatan, ten miles distant from Baku. For two nights the volcano threw out a column of fire and mud 350 feet high, illuminating the country for miles around. The mud emitted during the eruption already lies from seven to fourteen feet deep over a full square mile of the territory.

PARIS, Feb. 4.—The *Temps* publishes a statement, supposed to have emanated from Heribert, French Ambassador at Berlin, to the effect that the present warlike alarms are nothing more than German election maneuvers, no harm will result if France remains quiet.

La Justice contradicts seriatim the Berlin Post's charges against General Boulanger.

VINNEA, Feb. 3.—This evening the Emperor said the present military measures had been rendered necessary by the parsimonious war estimates of recent years. The object was to raise Austria to a level with other Powers. Both the Emperor and Crown Prince expressed the opinion that there was no immediate danger of war.

LONDON, Feb. 4.—A dispatch from Berlin says Prince Bismarck has assured the Ambassador of a friendly Power that Germany will on no account attack France.

BERNE, Feb. 3.—The *Frederician* has issued instructions to authorities of the cantons to be followed in the event of calling out Swiss troops.

Sign'd by the President. WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—President Cleveland signed the interstate commerce bill yesterday afternoon. The signing of the bill by the president was in full accord with the opinion of Atty. Gen. Garland, rendered to him on last Monday, and it is very well understood to be in accord with the views of the cabinet.

The attorney general was asked to give his views in regard to the bill and explain wherein it differed from the senate bill of two years ago, which he opposed on the ground that it was unconstitutional. He declined to do so, saying that he regarded the opinion he had given to the president on the subject as strictly confidential. It is learned, however, from trustworthy sources that the attorney general, as well as the president, considers the bill which has just become a law free from all the material features which were objectionable in the senate bill of two years ago. According to this information the attorney general's objections to the old bill was to the vast powers of a legislative and judicial character that were given to the commission. The attorney general is said to hold that the present bill does not confer judicial powers on the commission, but puts them in the courts on the report from the commission, and that it does not confer legislative power except in the fourth section (the long and short haul clause), and that this is warranted by numberless precedents in the legislative history of the government.

Four Girls Perish by Fire. MONTREAL, Feb. 5.—Four young girls were burned to death in the school house at St. Monique, in the county of Two Mountains, Thursday. Three sisters, daughters of Mrs. Ambroise Gravel, and another girl named Forquet slept in the place during the night. Some time in the night the school-house took fire and burned to the ground. The charred remains of the young unfortunate were found amid the ashes. The little ones retired in the evening in the best of spirits, after having spent several hours in amusing themselves.

Amateur Train Robbers. TOLONO, Ill., Feb. 7.—An unsuccessful attempt was made Saturday night to rob the Wabash westward-bound through express train, which usually carries a rich load of currency packages. The train was boarded—probably at Sidney—by three young men, who crawled from their hiding places behind the tender and ordered the engineer to stop the train. The engineer stiffly drew a pistol from his tool chest and compelled them to jump from the train as it rushed toward Tolono.

Numerous Fires.

Configurations are reported from Patterson, N. J., loss \$125,000; from Yates City, Ill., loss \$13,000; at Tolono, Ill., a dredge boat valued at \$10,000; at Ft. Dodge, Iowa, loss \$14,000; at Middletown, Conn., loss \$100,000; at Indianapolis, Ind., the Central Chair Manufacturing Co., loss, \$30,000.

Three States Shaken.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 7.—Yesterday morning Central Illinois, Missouri and Indiana were shaken up pretty lively by an earthquake which was very severely felt at Springfield, Centralia and Vandalia, Ill.; St. Louis, Mo., and Terre Haute, Ind. No damage is reported.

Pacific Intentions.

PARIS, Feb. 5.—Count von Muster, the German ambassador, visited M. Flourens, minister of foreign affairs, and received renewed assurance of the pacific intentions of France toward Germany. It is stated that Germany has not made complaint of the armaments which France has.

The road makes a sharp turn to the right a few hundred yards before reaching the bridge. Between this curve and the bridge occurred the mishap which caused this disaster. It is impossible to say whether the defect was a broken journal, wheel, or rail. At all events, the third car of the train left the track at this point. The three following cars were also thrown off, and they bumped along over the sleepers until the bridge was reached. Then the couplings broke, and the four cars suddenly plunged down a sheer fall of more than fifty feet to the frozen river

below. A scene of unspeakable horror followed. More than seventy-five people were imprisoned in the great, shapeless pile that lay like an unlighted funeral pyre on the ice. The climax of horror soon came. Scarcely had the awful shrieks of wounded and dying been first heard when fire broke out at the very bottom of the great heap, and it soon added its torture to the pains of the imprisoned passengers. The time for rescue was appallingly brief.

The cars were unusually crowded, many being on board on their way from Boston, New York, and other southern points, to the Montreal carnival. The engine and mail and baggage cars passed over safely, but all five passenger cars, with their living freight, were thrown into the river. The five cars which formed the wreck caught fire and the flames from them set the bridge itself on fire. The people from the neighboring farms rushed in to aid in rescuing the dying and injured ones. Within a few minutes every farm-house within two miles and the hotels at Hartford and White River Junction were turned into hospitals for the care of the injured. Special trains came with doctors and nurses. The bridge and cars were almost entirely consumed, and the heat of the flames made the work of rescue all the more difficult.

A comparison of the tickets taken up by the conductors of the incoming and connecting trains largely reduces the number of persons on the train. Conductor Andrew Bean gives the exact number of tickets taken up for points beyond where the accident occurred as thirty-six, of which sixteen were collected in the car Pilgrim from Boston. Conductor Barrett counts his at just thirty, twelve being in the car St. Altan as from Springfield. This leaves only the very few who probably came over the Paspumis and those starting from here, the latter probably not exceeding ten in all besides the railroad men who were on the train. It is now believed that not over eighty-one persons were on the train. Of these thirty-five are accounted for as among the wounded, thirty-three dead, four uninjured, leaving only four unaccounted for. It is understood there were some children with out tickets, so the above figures may be slightly changed.

Another Outrage at San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. 7.—The side of a Geary street cable dummy was blown into splinters last night as the train going west reached the corner of Fillmore and Geary streets. The only person aboard the train besides the gripman and the conductor was a policeman detailed to discover obstructions on the track. His escape from injury, and that of the gripman and conductor, was marvelous. The train had stopped but a minute, before to permit a party of men and women to leave it. The concussion was felt a mile away.

Strikes.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 7.—The threatened lock-out of the cutters and trimmers employed in the wholesale clothing business of this city took place to-day. The following notice was posted in the offices and cutting-rooms of the clothing houses on Saturday:

All Knights of Labor in our employ will take notice that they will not be admitted to our cutting-rooms on Monday morning next, nor until further notice. By order of the board of arbitration, Philadelphia clothing-exchange.

ISRAEL HECHT, Attorney.

The Inter-State Commission.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 7.—The Inter-State Commission will soon be named. It is said by one who has the ear of the President, that the selection will be made from the following: A. G. Thurman, of Ohio; Wm. Windom, of Minn.; T. M. Cooley, of Mich.; C. Kerman, Jr., of New York; Gen. J. H. Wilson, of Delaware; J. M. Smith, of Georgia; W. H. Swift and W. T. Coleman, of California.

Maca Water.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 7.—The Ohio river and its tributaries have been booming for the past week, and great fears were entertained of a damaging overflow, but it is now believed that the worst is over. Between this point and Cairo, Ill., there is a great volume of water that has spread over the lowlands.

Terrible Death.

LEPANON, Pa., Feb. 8.—Yesterday morning near Lebanon Valley furnace, an iron tank on a truck filled with red hot cinders collided with another car, and the hot metal was thrown over the bodies of Peter Reddinger, aged 45 years, and Henry Kurtz, aged 38 years. Reddinger died soon after the accident and Kurtz died shortly after.

Railway Slaughter.

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, Vt., Feb. 7.—The wrecking of the Montreal express four miles north of here on Saturday morning was the worst disaster in New England railroad history. The men of instant death came to few of those who perished, and the sufferings of those who still live were scarcely less frightful. Death came to many in its most horrible form—by fire. It is yet impossible to accurately number those who perished, but the death record will contain the names of fully two-thirds, if not more, of all on board the doomed train. The wrecked express was the regular night train from Boston and New York to Montreal, via the Central Vermont road. Behind the engine in the order named were the baggage-car, mail combination car, two passenger coaches, and two sleepers—one from New York and one from Boston. The train ran, as usual, at about thirty-five miles an hour through White River village, a mile away, and then up a light grade toward a bridge which crossed the river about three miles beyond.

The road makes a sharp turn to the right a few hundred yards before reaching the bridge. Between this curve and the bridge occurred the mishap which caused this disaster. It is impossible to say whether the defect was a broken journal, wheel, or rail.

At all events, the third car of the train left the track at this point. The three following cars were also thrown off, and they bumped along over the sleepers until the bridge was reached. Then the couplings broke, and the four cars suddenly plunged down a sheer fall of more than fifty feet to the frozen river

CONGRESS.

Proceedings of congress for the week ending February.

Senate.

A message from the President was laid before the Senate vetoing a bill granting a pension to Mrs. Margaret Dunlap, of Missouri, the ground of the President's objection being that the death of the soldier to which the pension is given was not caused in the line of duty, but in a quarrel with a comrade. Referred to the Committee on Pensions.

A bill appropriating \$10,000 for seeds to be distributed among destitute Texas farmers was passed.

The credentials of Senator Sawyer, of Wisconsin, for the full term commencing March 4 next were received and placed on file.

THE OLD HYMN.

To-day, with quiet heart, I heard
The prayer, the anthem, and the psalm,
And gently on my spirit fell.
The sweetness of the Sunday calm,
Till, at the reading of the hymn,
With sudden tears my eyes were dim,
That old, old hymn! Its sacred lines
Had fallen on my childish ears;
My life turned back, unguided by
The stretch of intervening years;
Near me my little daughter slept, and
I left you again a child.

Outside the winds were fierce and rough;
The winter's chill was in the air;
I left you, with many a billow,
And humming insects everywhere;
And feel, in spite of frost and snow,
A summer breeze from long ago.

To find the place I took the book,
And held it in a woman's hand,
While all my soul was moved with thrills,
No other soul could understand;
And quite unused, with love divine,
My mother's fingers folded mine.

And not because the music rose
Exultingly I held my breath,
Lest I should lose its sweet delight;
Upon her lips the hush of death
For years has lain, and yet I heard
My mother's voice in every word.

Fall well I know the dead are dead,
Yet sometimes at a pale or tone,
With many a reeling, while the past
One moment gives back to own.
Oh, happy pain! Too quickly done—
As swiftly ended as begun.

Susannah Archibald.

BITTER-SWEET.

It was in the autumn that the news of the loss of the ship *Albatross* reached the small town of Haven. She had founded on her way to Calcutta, and Aleck Fanshaw was on board as supercargo.

"It isn't as though Squire Fanshaw hadn't other sons," commented a neighbor, when the blinds were pulled down and crept tied on the knocker at the big stone mansion, and prayers were offered in church for the bereaved family and friends. Everybody in town, so to speak, turned out to church that September morning to see how the family took it, and to be able to criticize the funeral sermon. The Fanshawes had been a gay, wordly crowd, and this was their first sorrow, and those who had seen them in prosperity and joy wanted to behold the effect of the reverse; but they proved to be a family who did not wear the heart on the sleeve; they conducted themselves bravely behind their weeds, and restrained their tears till they might flow in private.

The only excitement of the occasion, however, was worthy of the expectations of their friends. The family filed into church, black, as grief and apercu could make them. There were John and his mother, Sue and Hilda-garde; but who was this other on the old Squire's arm, bowed with emotion, more sable than them all, in widow's veil and cap? Who? Why, it was only Louise Turner, whom they had always known. Why was she in widow's weeds and on the Squire's arm? What had happened to her? There was lively gossip, you may be sure, that day on the way from home from church.

"I remember he was kind of attentive to Louise Turner one spell," reflected Mrs. Ames.

"That's so," echoed Mrs. Blake. "Don't you remember he took her to a concert over to Danvers? He has always known her; and like as not there was something between them."

"So he has always known every other girl in town," said Mrs. Blunt, the skeptic; "and he has been just as attentive to half a dozen others, as far as I can see."

"Yes," acknowledged Mrs. Ames, reluctantly, "he was attentive to all of them on and off; but then the man may be attentive to a dozen, you know, while he only cares for one. It's odd; a woman couldn't do it; it would bore her horribly—that is, unless she's a flirt."

"Well, of course it's true," sighed Mrs. Blunt, "or else she wouldn't be in widow's weeds and in the Squire's pew; but she's the last girl I thought Aleck would care for. I can't reconcile myself to it."

The interest and surprise of this event seemed to subtract something from the solemnity of the occasion. It was not so wonderful that Aleck Fanshaw should die as that he should have been engaged to Louise Turner and no one ever have guessed it. It perplexed and disturbed Mrs. Blunt, she could hardly tell why. Perhaps she was disappointed that Aleck should have cared for such a shallow girl as Louise; and then a surprise has an irritating effect upon some natures. She upbraided herself for having so little sympathy for Louise in such a tremendous sorrow.

Louise was pretty; everybody said Louise was pretty, and young men are easily pleased. Doubtless had occurred at the last moment before his departure, and Louise had waited for his return to declare it. Aleck had been the best match in town, and, love aside, this was a great blow for Louise, with whom everybody was bound to sympathize. But Mrs. Blunt was dissatisfied with the quality as well as the quantity of her own sympathy.

"It seems," said a neighbor who happened in to talk it over—"it seems that Louise heard the rumor, and rushed up to Squire Fanshaw's to know the truth, and when it was verified she went straight to hysterics, and confessed that they had been privately engaged."

Of course the Squire adopted her into the family at once. They bought her mourning, the very best, and I dare say they'll give her Aleck's property—you know he had a fortune from his own mother, the Squire's first wife."

"Have you heard that John refused to believe it at first?" asked Mrs. Blunt.

"Yes he was a little stiff at first; he never liked Louise, you know."

"It seems to me I shouldn't want to take it on trust as they've done. I should want to see letters in his own hand, or something confirmatory—not just her word for it."

"Seems to me it would be a tremendous cruelty to turn a deaf ear to her at such a time and refuse to believe her story."

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Blunt. "Better, be cheated to the last than lose the

blessed hope of truth," as some poet says."

It was a few days after these astonishing events that Miss Betty Le Breton returned from a vacation at the mountains without having heard of the disaster that had overtaken the Fanshawes.

"When I am married," she said, in the enthusiasm of a first acquaintance with the mountains, "I shall take my wedding tour through the hills in a buggy; it's just enchantment. Any letter for me, Aunt Helen? Any news?"

"News? O dear—yes—too much. I didn't write you because I didn't want to sadden your vacation. And you and Aleck were always such friends."

"Aleck?"

"Yes. The Albatross had been lost at sea, and the Fanshawes are just heart-broken. Louise is there with them; it seems she was engaged to Aleck privately; and her widow's weeds are very becoming. It's a dreadful, dreadful thing for her; but they say the Squire has about the same as adopted her, and that she'll have the lion's share of Aleck's money. She went in on the Squire's own arm when the funeral sermon was preached; it was very touching. Why don't you say something, Betty? I always thought you and Aleck were good friends; and Louise—"

"What is there to say?" Betty asked, directly. There was an odd lustre in her eyes, but she was not crying, she looked petrified.

"You might at least say you were sorry."

"Sorry? O, yes!"—absently—"I suppose so."

"Why, Betty, haven't you any feeling?"

"I don't know. Perhaps not. What good would it do?"

"Aleck was such a good friend to you! Do you remember when he used to come and help you with your German? I used to think he was a little in love with you, Betty; but it seems I was mistaken; and for the matter of that, it doesn't signify, now that he is dead. Indeed, it's better for you as it is; you are spared the sorrow. Why, Betty, are you sick? Is anything the matter?"

Betty had risen with a great cry and was stretching out unavailing arms into space, "He's dead—Aleck—and he loved her, and she has a right to her sorrow; and I—"

It was three months before Betty Le Breton, was able to sit up. The neighbors said she had come home from the mountains with malaria, and it was doubtful if she would ever get it out of her system. Miss Le Breton, her aunt, wisely said nothing; but when she saw Louise in her funeral garments driving by in Squire Fanshaw's carriage she wondered if Betty were not far more miserable. Betty herself wondered whether she did not die in that bitter season of despair. There seemed to be nothing to detain her here: life had come to a standstill. It was not that Aleck had died; she could have borne that perhaps and sorrowed bravely, and yet have lived on.

That would have been grief enough, to be sure, for one heart to bear; but she would still have possessed the tender assurance of his love to compensate her. She would not have lost him utterly; she could have lived on with the certainty of meeting him, unchanged, at last, just as she had existed through her tedious work-a-days, sure of his companionship at their close—the one brightness in all her sombre days, the hour that was never absent from her thoughts, the hope that had carried her through all difficulties uncomplainingly. Now there was nothing for her to live for or to die for. It seemed to her that the bloom was stripped from the world. She could not reconcile herself to her changed condition nor adjust herself to the belief that Aleck had cared nothing for her through all the years that had been to her like heaven on earth—that he had merely been passing the time. She felt as if the solid earth had failed beneath her feet, and her life stretched out before her in dreary and barren perspective. If she could only be allowed to preserve the illusion that he loved her, wherever he might be, that would have sufficed for happiness, would have gilded all the empty years she must spend on earth without the sun of his presence. But people do not die when they have nothing to live for.

Betty's aunt trusted to time to mitigate the blow; she remembered that she herself once had a lover who deserted her, that she had cried her eyes out, and had given away all her jewelry, and believed she was done with everything; but ten years later he passed her window daily, a bald, gaunt man from whom the glamour had fled. But she had forgotten that he had robbed her of the power of loving any one else and that other lovers had sighed in vain. When Betty first went out, and began to resume her ordinary life as if nothing had happened, the Squire's family had gone abroad, and had taken Louise Turner with them to light the shadow of their grief; and a stone in the Squire's lot in cemetery recorded the fact that Aleck Fanshaw had lived and died. It would have been a melancholy comfort to Betty to hang wreaths upon that great white stone that confrontrated her like a ghost among the shrubbery, to plant flowers about it. But how could she lavish such loving trifles in memory of the man who had deprived her of the poor privilege of weeping for him? She sometimes felt as if she would like to leave Haven forever; every road and stile and bit of wood reminded her of Aleck.

It was here he met her on her daily walk from school; it was in the wood they gathered the autumn leaves, and came home laden with spoils; on this river the moonlight had found them; on this wild bank Aleck had sat and sketched the scene for her; beneath this tree he had read to her from the poets. The very air of the places they had frequented together seemed filled with the tender words he had spoken. Could it be that he had not cared? Why, then, had he spent his last evening ashore with? He had left early, to be sure, saying he must pack and be off by daybreak. Had he come from her to Louise? The bough of scarlet berries he had given her that night had hung in her room ever since, where her eyes would see it on wakening. The first time she was able to walk across the room after her illness, she took it down and threw it upon the open fire; indeed, she took out all of his letters for the same purpose, but put them back again, not

strong enough to abanion them all at once.

It was summer at Haven, but it was not summer in Betty Le Breton's heart. I think she remembered other Junes, whose flowers were no sweater, whose woods were no greener. Junes that had borrowed something of their charm from her own happiness, that, like the moon, shone with borrowed light. She was trying to sing one of the old songs at her piano one twilight—songs she had sung with Aleck in their drives through the woodland aisles, where they had loved to linger; but the soots choked her and the tears crowded and jostled each other in her eyes; and suddenly, when the last vibration of the notes had ceased a voice outside took up the strain and sang it through.

"It is Aleck," she cried, hurrying toward the piazza like one in a dream. Then she waked, turned back, and sat down. Supposing it was Aleck he belonged to Louise. Of course it was a mistake. It was because she had been thinking about him. Aleck was dead, and she had no right to think of him. She never would think of him again; she would forget him as he had forgotten her. Dead or alive, he could be nothing to her—nothing, nothing. He had broken her heart; could one love with a broken heart?

Somebody was coming into the room with a lighted lamp preceded by excited voices. It was Miss Le Breton, followed by Mrs. Ames.

"Isn't it marvelous?" she was saying. "Such a shock, too, for the Squire's family just as they were getting used to the idea of death?"

"But is it true?" asked Miss Le Breton. Betty had shrunk into the dark corner of the long room (which one lamp only illuminated in patches) in order to hide the tears upon her eyelids.

"True as preaching. I was just getting into the train for Haven this afternoon—I had been up to town for a trifle of shopping—and I heard a familiar voice saying, 'Allow me to carry your bundle, Mrs. Ames.' It made me shiver and my blood curdle. I looked over my shoulder, expecting to see a ghost—a railway station a queer place for a ghost, though, isn't it? Well, there stood Aleck Fanshaw. I shan't be any more surprised at the Day of Judgment."

What a change! cried Miss Le Breton, "and they all in their mourning, and the stone in the cemetery, and the estate administered upon! I wonder where Betty is?"

"Yes, seems as though they'd been to a mortal lot of expense for nothing."

And what a happy day for Louise Turner!" sighed Miss Le Breton. "I suppose he has cable to his father?"

Mrs. Ames answered with a hearty laugh. "That's the oddest part of it. He asked about all the folks, coming down in the train; he didn't know they'd gone to Europe. And he asked first of all after you, Betty—upon my word! 'And you don't want to know about Louise?' said I. 'Louise who?' said he. 'Why, Louise Turner, of course!' 'What about her? Is she married, or dead?' 'Married!' I cried; 'why, Aleck Fanshaw, are you mad, or making believe? Didn't you expect that Louise Turner would confess her engagement to you, you silly old dog, after the news of your death?'

Confess her engagement to me!" he repeated, and he looked like a thunderbolt. I was frightened. You don't mean to say you weren't engaged to her?" I said. "Now she's just like one of the family—wears widow's weeds for you, and went to church on the Squire's arm when your funeral sermon was preached." Engaged to her! he cried; "I never thought of it. I am engaged to Betty Le Breton, and I never loved any one else." I thought I'd run over and prepare your mind," pursued Mrs. Ames, "for fear of the shock. Where's Betty?"

Squire Fanshaw's family returned season for Betty's wedding, and she took her wedding tour through the White Mountains, after all. But Louise Turner never appeared in Haven again.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

The Race Is Long-Lived.

Within a few days there have been in the columns of the Sun's exchange a good many references to very old persons, some whose deaths called out the notice, some still living. Brought together from a dozen newspapers in widely separated States, these notices form a strong argument in favor of the theory that men live longer now than they have in many past centuries.

Of the dead, there is Mrs. Elizabeth W. Levick; who died in Philadelphia Sunday, aged 97 years; Mrs. Mary Donalds of Tacony, Pa., who was 99 years old when she died; John Schockley of Bourbon County, W. Va., a veteran of the War of 1812, who died recently, aged 95 years; William Henry Williams, a citizen of Cincinnati, who had lived 102 years when he died Tuesday; Amos Hunt of Barnesville, Ga., who was the father of twenty-eight children, twenty-three of whom live to mourn their father, taken away at the age of 105 years; and Barbara Pelwaka, who was within a few months of having lived 105 years at the time of her recent death.

Of the living there are Capt. William Dickey and Capt. David Hunter of Strong, Me., not very old—the one 87 and the other 84—both so vigorous, so able to still do a man's work behind the plow or in the harvest field, that they bid fair to live twenty years yet. Then there is James Fitzgerald of Kilarny, Cape, P. E. I., who, though over 100 years old, weeds turnips and does other light work. Marvin Smith of Kitterman, N. Y., though 102, looks and acts like a man of 60, eats heartily, reads without glasses, and works on his farm together with his son, who is 72 years old. In Elton, Minn., lives Farmer O'Leary, and he is over 112 years old. But the patriarch of all is Noah Raby of Plainfield, N. J. He was born in 1772, saw Gen. George Washington, served on the frigate Constitution in the War of 1812, looks as fit as a fiddle now, and is still a member of the Revolutionary era, elected in 1812, to represent Kilarny in the Legislature.

The New Era in Our History.

Des Moines Register: Even more rapidly than the leaders the humbler members of the new generation are departing. Many of the voters who in last November helped to elect the new Congress were not born when Lee surrendered to the Government. Very many more have only the boyish memory of the great struggle. The Nation now has for President a man whom the country had not heard of when the War closed, and of whom it had heard scarcely anything until six years ago. The War generation is fast disappearing, and the new generation is here, and Cleveland, having nothing to do with the War, marks the beginning of a new area in our history as John Quincy Adams, the first President after the Revolutionary era, elected in 1812, to represent Kilarny in the Legislature.

It is here he met her on her daily walk from school; it was in the wood they gathered the autumn leaves, and came home laden with spoils; on this river the moonlight had found them; on this wild bank Aleck had sat and sketched the scene for her; beneath this tree he had read to her from the poets. The very air of the places they had frequented together seemed filled with the tender words he had spoken. Could it be that he had not cared? Why, then, had he spent his last evening ashore with? He had left early, to be sure, saying he must pack and be off by daybreak. Had he come from her to Louise? The bough of scarlet berries he had given her that night had hung in her room ever since, where her eyes would see it on wakening. The first time she was able to walk across the room after her illness, she took it down and threw it upon the open fire; indeed, she took out all of his letters for the same purpose, but put them back again, not

readily as she would like to leave them all at once.

Circumstantial evidence: "Uncle Ben, how can you tell that your hands are dirty, they're so black, you know?"

"He! He! He! What a chile you is! Yo' see, honey, de water gits riley."

How the new is.

A Whole Ship's Crew in Love.

In scenes from the life of Hobart Pasha it is said that, after receiving his "baptism of fire" in Spain, while serving with the naval brigade against Don Carlos, Hobart, while still a midshipman, was sent to the South American station, where he was engaged in putting down the slave trade. Our adventurer's first love experience in Buenos Ayres, that paradise of pretty women, is delightfully told.

Within forty-eight hours of arriving every man of the crew was deeply in love. My respectable Captain, who had been for many years living as a confirmed bachelor with his only relative, an old sister, with whom he chummed, and I fancy had hardly been known to speak to another woman, was suddenly perceived walking about the street with a large bouquet in his hand his hair well oiled, his coat (generally so loose and comfortable-looking) buttoned tight to show his figure, and then he took to sporting beautiful kid gloves and even to dancing.

He could not be persuaded to go on board at any cost; while he had never left his ship before, except for an occasional day's shooting. In short, he had fallen hopelessly in love with a buxom Spanish lady, with lustrous eyes as black as her hair. Our First and Second Lieutenants followed suit, both were furiously in love; and all my messmates fell down and worshipped the lovely (and lovely they were and no mistake) Spanish girls of Buenos Ayres, whose type of beauty is that which only the blue blood of Spain can boast.

Now, reader, don't be shocked; I fell in love myself, and my love affair was of a more serious nature, at least in its results, than that of the others.

To make a long story short, the girl I like, I two foals as we were, decided to run away together, and run away we did. I should never have been married if the mother hadn't run after us. She didn't object to our being married, but in the meantime she remained with us, and she managed to make the country home we had escaped to, with the intention of settling down there, so unbearable that, luckily for me as regards my future, I contrived to get away and went as fast as I could on board my ship for refuge, never landing again during our stay at Buenos Ayres.

Fortunately, shortly afterwards, we were ordered away, and so ended my first love affair. I shall never forget the melancholy, woe-begone faces of my Captain and brother officers on our return.

Young lambs will begin to come in about the latter part of January, and the ewes should be well sheltered. It does not pay to have the lambs born in the fields. Give them plenty of warmth at first.

We would not undertake to raise chickens or to keep poultry through the winter and spring without a plentiful supply of dry earth. The best time

